

Anders Ponders "Slowest Motion Miracle"

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Didn't you notice how good we had it then?
Ain't it nice to be beasts instead of men?
All our bounties are overflowing.
Crops without tilling are ever-growing.

What could be natural about disaster?
Who'd be a slave if there were no master?
No domination and no submission,
We could be lazy without conditions but...

We're coming back,
Pacifists on the attack.
We're living like they did in olden days.
We will bring another Golden Age.

Losing our dignity came in stages,
Silver then Bronze and then Iron Ages.
Each getting worse than the one before it.
People convince themselves to ignore it.

Vacuous, greedy and self-indulgent
Babylons burn with a light refulgent
Cities unraveled by their own rhythms
Seem to pretend they don't know what hit 'em.

Yet we can hope if we learn our lesson
Matters of virtue are not for guessing
We will create by the way we're acting
A city of gold that is ever-lasting cause'

We're coming back,
Pacifists on the attack.
We're living like they did in olden days.
We will bring another Golden Age.

We're coming back, we're coming back.
We're coming back, we're coming back.
To another Golden...
To another Golden Age.

We're coming back.
Though you may not see it clearly now
All the concrete's turning into grass.
Every building's beginning to fall.

We're coming back.

We're the slowest motion miracle.
When the darkness is just black,
We can make it magical.

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